OUR POINT OF VIEW

North Scott Junior High
LITERARY MAGAZINE
1984

Dear Reader,

Celebrate writing with us by sharing the third volume of pieces and poems written by North Scott Junior High School students. In most cases, these writings were done, not because they were assigned, but because the authors wanted to share their thoughts with an audience. What you will find on these pages was selected by the authors and represents almost every kind of writing--non-fiction, short story, essay, biography, autobiography, and fantasy.

We extend our thanks to Mrs. Karen Frieden and Mrs. Mary Gross, teacher aides who typed for us; Missippi Bend AEA print shop for their excellent work; and Mr. Richard Thompson, NSJHS principal, for his continuing support of this project.

It is with pride and pleasure that all of us welcome you, once again, to OUR POINT OF VIEW.

Enjoy!

Melva Lewis
Language Arts
Instructor, NSJHS

P. S. An author index is located after the writings for ease in finding works by that "special author."

Loneliness

Loneliness is a game
you play by yourself
Loneliness is a game that
is no fun to play, it
has no strategy.
Loneliness is no one caring
or sharing, no one being
there and no one to tell
jokes with.
Loneliness is a kind
of solitaire only without
peeping eyes to watch you
Loneliness is a game
in which only one can
participate, where laughter,
cheer, and friends are
eliminated.

by Lori Swank

Unicorn

Sailing from clouds that hang aloft,
Worlds unknown, and worlds far off;
Our eyes despise all ugly things,
But they grow wise to hooves and wings;
The sun shines down on an earthly spot,
On which a unicorn may some day trot.
Horses drawn with horns and wings,
Yes, our eyes behold such lovely things.
Unicorn, are you now in far away lands,
That hold time still in gold-dust sands?
Do you live where rainbows shimmer and glow,
Or is it where waters dance and flow?
Or could it be where there are queens and kings?
Yes, our eyes behold such fantasy things.

by Tania Jackson

THE FIELD

As you look across the field,
What do you see?

An old barn,
An old fence,
Maybe an old shed.

The yard has not been cared for;
The house is like an old man's face,
Loving, inviting, but tired.
The field is full of wild flowers.
The barn is very worn.
Nails are turning rusty in the fence,
As it falls over.
Paint is peeling off the sides of the shed;
It will soon fall.

As you look across the field,
What do you see?

by Becky Goetzke

IRRELEVENT

My cat got stuck in a tree,
And my homework's not done.
How's your mom?
My dog ran away.
My uncle is in Pittsburgh,
My grandma is in France,
My hamster just died,
And it is a very nice day out.
The pool sounds good,
Or maybe the park.
I would like to picnic
But it's getting too dark.
I would like to walk around the block,
Or maybe run a mile.
But I guess I'll just stay home and
Read for a while!

by Becky Goetzke

MY LOVE HAS FLOWN

My love has flown
Away from me,
It's flown to the coast
It's flown to the sea.
It's gone to places
I'll never see,
My love has flown
Away from me.

My love has flown
Away from me,
It's flown far away
To the deep dark sea.
Come back my love
Come back to me,
My love has flown
Flown away from me.

My love has flown
Away from me,
It's flown to the castles
Far from me.
The love I had
Come back to me,
My love has flown
Away from me.

My love has flown
Away from me,
Please come back
Come back to me.
I love you so
Come back to me,
My love has flown
Flown far away from me.

by Chrissie Fink

Detective Peabody -
Case # 1

I was sitting in my office resting peaceably at my desk after my last case when all of a sudden the door bursts open and this man dressed in highly royal clothes comes running into quiet room before me. The man is obviously in a whirl of confusion either that or he is in the last stages of the Mongolian flu. A little bit of detective humor there, but enough of that.

"State your case," I said in my best business like voice.

"I need your assistance in a very important case. I need you to recover a document stating my inheritance to the throne of Wales."

I could tell by the tone of his voice and an air about him that he was of high and royal breeding. Not to mention his strong British accent hint possibly high schooling in London.

"What is your name?"

"I am Prince Charles of Wales."

"O.K. Charlie."

"Charles!"

"Whatever, what's so big about this paper?"

"This document that is missing states that I am the heir to the throne of Wales and not my half brother Henry. It's a long story but it must be told. Henry and I were born on the same day by different mothers. I was conceived first but the only record of it is in that document. If the document is lost they will pick which one is more suited for the throne. I have more schooling than Henry but he has many important friends.

"Anyway Henry was leaving for London on business and I to Paris to visit my aunt. We were saying our good-byes in the sitting room when my father collapsed. I right away cancelled my trip and sent for a doctor, but Henry ran into the study and dashed out of the house with not so much as a wave of the hand. When the doctor came we put Father in his bed and I went down to the study to get some books for Father when there was the safe wide open and the documents missing. I came down this morning to see if you could be of any assistance to me.

"Yes, I think I can. We must go at once to London."

"Why, London?"

"Well, he already had a ticket and it wouldn't delay his departure."

"When shall we leave then?"

"On the next train to London."

We left the office and took a cab to the train station. To our good fortune we got there just in time for the noon train to London.

"I haven't got a clue where my half brother could be."

"Oh, I do. There's only one agency in London that deals with foreign papers and that's where we're headed."

"Do you really think he'll be there, I mean might he just destroy it?"

"Not a chance. This brother of yours will most likely have it changed so he's the one whose older, that way he wouldn't have to worry about whose got the ability to be the King of Wales."

"We'll have him caught in less that 30 minutes, don't sweat it."

"Well, I certainly won't sweat it."

The way he said this gave me a deep instinctive impression that he wasn't fond of my use of words.

We arrived in London in the early afternoon. I hailed a cab and before long we were dropped off in front of an old business building.

As we walked into the crowded lobby Charles gave me a sharp poke in the ribs and he whispered hoarsly, "There he is over there."

"Where?" I asked looking around not realizing I had no idea what he looked like.

"Over there on that couch," he whispered back.

Just as I caught a glimpse of his face he must have seen his brother and jumped up and ran into the guard standing there.

"Hold that man!" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

The guard grabbed the man and held him while we weaved our way through the many people in the lobby.

"Place this man under arrest." I told the guard.

"What for?"

"For the theft of legal documents."

Charles seemed to say this in such a nonchalant manner, his air of distress went away and he had a happy grateful attitude.

"Very well sir. Does he have the documents with him?"

"Yes, I do."

Henry had such a despondent sound to his voice I thought he was going to cry.

"Take him down to the station and I'll fill in the details later." I said in an air of triumph.

"I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank-you enough Detective Peabody. Not only have I been able to go home the heir to the throne, I have also been able to go back in pride."

"All in a days work for Dectective Peabody."

Don't miss Detective Peabody's next adventure when he uncovers the truth of the great murder mystery in 'Detective Peabody Returns'.

by Kelly Tobias

Living very happily
Love
Outside the house and inside the house, there's love
Understanding parents
Special family during all holidays and birthdays especially
Sometimes we have unhappy times
And sometimes happy times
Every
Relative is very nice
To the end of time

by Lisa Loussaert

Winter's Day

All small flakes trickle
down, and lie together on
the ground,

They all have different
shapes and sizes, pretty patterns and
disguises.

They feel so good on your
face and come down at a
very slow pace.

A white sheet covers the
ground, they glow and
sparkle all around.

The branches are all
draping with white, everything
is a pretty sight.

The snow outside is so
resting and still, as it piles up
on my windowsill.

People look outside only
to see, that this brite
winter's day, is as calm as
can be.

by Melissa Zogg

The Pencil's Story

Chapter One: The Beginning

I can remember when I was just a baby. I was put into a package with my brothers and sisters. Then I was put in a ...um...I think it's called a box. Anyway we were all shipped to this place called K-mart. When we got there we were put on the shelf and we sat there for days that seemed like years. That was bad enough, first we were suffocated, then we were overcome with boredom. Finally someone bought us and took three of us to school.

Chapter Two: The Days of Pain

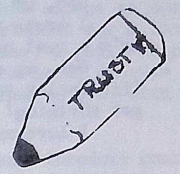
Boy, I tell you, school is not the place for a pencil. When I got there, I got cut on what used to be my bottom. Boy am I sore. My hat is in terrible shape. The person who owns me makes so many mistakes, I don't believe it. I also got used in five, forty minute classes. If the person who owns me were a pencil, they would have one foot in the grave. Or rather they would be in the grave.

Chapter Three: Embarrassment

I just realized I don't have any clothes. I do have a hat, but what about a shirt or pants? Well, I have a "coat"of paint, but that's all. I have to wear the same clothes until I die - Grody to the Max! Is this world cruel or what?! As a fellow pencil I think its absolutely disgusting to wear the same clothes everyday! It isn't fashionable either.

Chapter Four: Old Fogey

Well, pretty soon I'm going to the great trash can in the sky. I've tried to be a good pencil. I certainly hope I make it there. Well, so long cruel world.



by Lori Smith

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

What a great day I even
got to ride my moped.
Gee, what a lonesome
day, I fell off my bike.
I had such a great time at
the store I bought $200.00 of clothes.
Gee, what a boring day
I only got $1.00 to eat.
Boy my boyfriend is a
real hunk, we're going to the movies.
Gee, no one wants to
spend the night, guess they're busy.
I only got $10.00 to go on
the water slide.
Gee, I didn't even get to go.
I had to go to church, yuck.
I already know everything about
him.
Gee, I couldn't make it to church
our car died out, but I prayed.
Do you like my new shoes?
They're the best you can get for $4.00.
Gee, my shoes are 2 years old.
I broke up with my boyfriend
he's a real nerd!
Gee, my dad died, I cried.
Life really sucks I never
get anything!
I love my life.

by Tammy Damron

THEODORE'S VACATION

Theodore stepped out of the house into the freshly scattered two inches of snow. The sidewalk hadn't been shoveled since Mama had gone to the travel agency to arrange their week-long vacation. Theodore knew where his Mom and Dad were going too, and he didn't like the idea at all.

His Mom and Dad had made their final arrangements for their trip with Mr. Duncan from the no rain, all shine travel bureau to go to Hawaii. They had arranged for Theodore's grandparents on his mother's side of the family to watch him while they were gone. Theodore liked his grandparents a lot, because they usually let him get away with nearly anything.

His grandfather is the kind of mouse who eats anything from tobasco sauce to steak and chicken bones, and anything in-between.

His grandmother is always sewing, looking for bargains and complaining about her husband eating so much.

Theodore's grandparents came one day early in order to get directions of how to manage Theodore. His parents would be leaving Sunday at about 6:00 in the morning so they could board their airplane and say their goodbyes. They already had their bags packed and everything ready to go.

Theodore, being the nasty little mouse he is, had planned on putting up a fight so he could con his parents into letting him come along with them.

Before going to sleep one night, he thought up his scheme to make his parents feel guilty about not taking him along. He planned for a long "whining session," for Monday, a "screaming debate", for Tuesday, a guilt trip act; on Wednesday, and if that didn't work, he'd run away from home, or stow away in one of the suitcases with some peanut butter and salami sandwiches on rye, with a slice of swiss cheese between the layers.

Theodore's grandparents came, which didn't enthuse Theodore much, because that meant that his plans hadn't worked. He decided to forfeit the rest of his plans, because if his grandparents saw him screaming, yelling, and having other various fits, they might think he was childish, and very obnoxious. Most normal 14 year olds don't usually act like Theodore had planned on acting.

Theodore's parents went to Hawaii on their own and were back at the end of the week. They had stories to tell about what they toured and saw, where they stayed, and all about the people, places, and food.

Theodore had lots of fun with his grandparents, taking them to malls, restaurants, and buildings of interest.

Theodore realized that his parents needed a vacation, just to get away from everything and maybe when he got older he would go there too.

by Jeni Byer

A Green Little Accident

A green little chemist
On a green little day
Mixed some green little chemicals
In a green little way
!!A green puff of smoke!!
Now green little grasses
Forever will wave
Over the green little chemist's
Green little grave.

by Laurie J. Brekke

Why We See Colors

Why do we see colors
Colors that are bright
Bright as the sun.

The sun will shine
Shine so bright
Bright as you.

You are the reason
The reason why
Why we see colors.

by Jennifer Thompson

This is Shellie Littrel reporting live at the city of Okala where my hero, the Ooziewoozy, has done it again. Since I'm a good friend of his he let me interview him! So here's his story right from the beginning.

In case you're wondering, the title has to do with me. Me, I am an Ooziewoozy, and on rare occasion I go out, find trouble, then stop it. But it's not just things like a kitten getting caught in a tree, but whoppers like making a tornado go away from a city to save those millions of tax dollars.

I can look like anything from a rubberband to a cloud in the sky and would anybody think any differently? No, of course not. I consider myself great, and, I am, so to have a person like me around I would consider a privelege.

I was walking down the streets of Okala looking for disaster, it was dull this morning at home, when it happened. The biggest building in our town caught fire! The Okala Supper Club that had eighty eight stories was a sure goner!

The fire started on the forty-sixth floor and was spreading fast in both directions! Windows were flying out and gas tanks were blowing up everywhere. The helicopters and airplanes couldn't land for it was too windy! I had to do something and fast! So, rushing down the street I stood in front of the building, and, with my mental ability turned into a spring! I jumped. Oh! Didn't make it. One more time. Shucks! Almost there! Third times a charm! Yeah! I make it to the top! I turned into a human and jumped into a near window. Next I told the people to get on the roof. From there I turned into a helium balloon and told them to get in! They questioned me but did as they were told! As I floated down they were staring in awe! Women were crying everywhere, kids running as if nothing had happened, and the men were trying to keep their cool. Then I heard the terrible news going up to the 87th floor. There wasn't any water left in the hydrants! I decided to help everyone out! Turning into a rain cloud I quickly floated up to the sky and poured everywhere! The fire was still going but it was dying enough to let people get out and the firemen help rescue some injured. With all my wind I blew out and the wind and the rain were enough to kill it!

Finally when everyone was out and safe did the police and fire department have time to question the miracle that had just taken place. They called ambulances because some people were talking about a helium balloon taking them down to safety, they thought they were delirious.

But as great as I am, I still didn't want publicity. I may be great but I am definitely.....modest. And that's how I did it again, and I'll probably do it again, and again, and again, being great and all.

Shellie Littrel

. .(AFTER THE DAY AFTER). .

Quietly I sat and watched
death and destruction by big armored guns
The breeze drifted idly by
as death looms ominously above our heads
Seeming to have not a care
while young lives are taken away carelessly
Gently rippling the surface of the lake
bomb shells explode in deafening blasts
Blowing leaves across the grass
fire destroys the little life left on earth
Snow falls softly to the ground
troops are freezing in the cold wind
Music sounds in the distance
loud yells of command tell you to march
Children play joyfully on the swings
you think about the family you left at home
And You Wonder

WHY?

by Kim Watson

TOGETHER

You're my one and only love and this I want you to know. You mean more to me than anything and I don't ever want you to go. Loving you brings me happiness, the kind I need each day, and if sometimes I don't show it I love you in each and every way. If sometimes I get jealous it's only cause I care, the love I feel for you is ever so rare. If I could have one wish, do you know what it would be, us to be together for all

ETERNITY.

by Bambi Love

Alex's Greatest Travel

Alex was a little white mouse that used to live in a green meadow that would smell so beautiful when the flowers bloomed, but now he traveled all over the world. He would now and then get into sticky situations but would get out because of his magic sack. Alex got the sack from his grandfather who got it from his grandfather who got it... Anyway, it has been in the family for many many years. Alex could get anything out of the sack he wanted, but if he was greedy the sack would vanish.

One day a couple of years ago, Alex decided to go out into the big world to get some excitement. And this is just one of his great travels.

Alex was walking along a long dirt road looking for adventure when he came to a sign that said "unHAPPY VILLAGE." Alex thought it strange that someone would change a sign like that. He decided he had better investigate.

As he came over a hill he saw the village of Unhappy and all the people were moping around.

Alex asked one of the peasants, "What is wrong with all the citizens of this town?" The peasant replied, "The mean King Meano took all the laughter from this town. So since none of us can laugh this village is very boring."

Alex had to do something. He went directly to King Meano's castle.

"Please won't you give the laughter back to this place. It is very sad to see all the residents moping around," pleaded Alex to the king. The king just laughed and had his guards throw Alex into the dungeon.

Alex felt terrible that he couldn't help the peasants.

That night as Alex was about to fall asleep he overheard one of the guards say, "Boy, tomorrow is going to be a great fight. That Alex looks like he will go a couple of rounds with Mortimer, the best cat gladiator there is." Alex was shocked. He had to think of how to save himself and the people. He had an idea. Let's hope it works.

The next morning at 12 noon the guards came for Alex. He went peacefully with the guards to the arena.

Alex was pushed into the center of the ring and left there. All of a sudden two doors flew open and Mortimer sprung out. Alex quickly reached into his bag and threw some dust at Mortimer. Mortimer froze instantly. Alex then opened his bag as wide as possible. Guess what came out? Laughter!!!

Laughter filled the stadium. The people jumped up and grabbed it. Now all the people could laugh again!

The people kicked the king out of the kingdom forever. They asked Alex if he would be their new king but Alex said that he couldn't be tied down. So instead they made a statue of Alex and put it in the town square.

Then sometime in the night Alex left for another great adventure.

by Jesse Peterson

. .(HAPPINESS). .

Happiness is a smile
a warm feeling inside
one that bubbles over joyously
or smooth and even like the tide

Happiness is a wink
a big breath of spring air
a feeling to keep quiet
or one that you can share

Happiness is a friendly hello
a smiling clown face
a dance with your friends
or your own quiet space

Happiness is a cloud drifting by
a bird in the air
the flowers in the meadow
a big grizzly bear

Happiness is the smell of home baked bread
or fresh apple pie
the crackling fall leaves
or a clear blue sky

Happiness is only an emotion
that will come and go
but these things bring
the happiness I know.

by Kim Watson

HEART

My heart is full of happiness,
My heart is full of sadness.
But most of all in life,
My heart is full of you.

by Bambi Love

I, Garfield, was taking a walk with my teddy bear, Pooky, one day when I found a bunch of balloons all tangled up in a fence. I set Pooky down & went to work on getting those balloons untangled. It took a long time but I finally got them undone. I grabbed Pooky & we set off. Higher & higher we floated. What a great view!! I floated around the neighborhood for a while & then I saw Odie up in a tree barking his head off. How he got up there I'll never know. I decided (after thinking a while) that I'd better help him. If I did get him out I'd be a hero!

I stuck out a claw & popped a balloon so I could get closer to him. He saw me coming & started wagging his tail. What a wierd dog! I floated a little closer & stuck my feet & tail down so he could hang on to me. I got close enough & he grabbed me. We floated past the tree into our yard, but something was wrong. The ground was coming up a little too fast. Odie was getting scared & holding on tighter & tighter. I started kicking & he slipped. He was just hanging on to my tail. It hurt like heck! I knew we were going to crash so I closed my eyes & rolled myself up into a ball. Next thing I knew I was laying on my stomach with Odie on top of me. I couldn't breathe. Gosh that dog is heavy! I'm putting him on a diet! I started thrashing around & he finally got off of me. I was fine but Odie wasn't so lucky. He had a scratch on his ear that was pretty bad. I helped him in the house to Jon. While he fixed Odie up I went outside to look for Pooky. I couldn't find him. I decided to take a nap & look for him later. I went to bed but I couldn't sleep. I went over & sharpened my claws on the chair & chewed on the curtain string for awhile. I tried one more time to look for Pooky, but to no avail. Jon tried to cheer me up by fixing my favorite food, lasgna, for supper. Then we went out & looked in the neighbor's yard. He found Pooky!! He was all right, just a little outta shape but I could fix that. Then I realized how tired I was. Jon said "How about a snack, Garfield?" But I was too tired. I went to bed & went to sleep!

Ann Newton

Kate the Kitty

Hi! I'm Kate the very daring, courageous, and cute kitty. Kate the kit for short.

Many people think I'm a bother, but I'm not. In fact just the other day I did something that proves I'm not a bother. I'll tell you the whole story.

I had just come home from a hard night of beating up a gang of street rats. I was very, very hungry. I went through my special door and straight into the kitchen. I approached my bowl expecting to find some fish flavored Tender Vittles, but all I found was a bowl of air. I jumped up to the counter to find something else to eat. The counter was bare. Everything had been stolen. Well, missing breakfast was too much! I was determined to find out who took my owner's property and my Tender Vittles. I went upstairs to see if my owner was awake yet. He wasn't. He always sleeps until noon.

Then I heard something coming from the study. I knew it was the T.V. snatcher. I knew I couldn't do anything by myself so I licked my owner's face until he woke up. It took me at least five minutes. When he finally woke up he got angry and chased me out of the room. Good, I thought, just what I wanted him to do. I ran into the study and my owner found the burglar, as he calls it. It was this really gorgeous lady. He forgave her right away. But that's another story.

Kate the Kitty
alias Lori Smith

ANIMALS

Sometimes nice
Sometimes sweet
Always neat
But they can be mean
   at times
They don't mean to hurt
   you
But it's their way of
   saying leave me alone.
Even though they're that
   way sometimes
I still love them a lot.

by Cindy Long

. .(DEATH). .

Death is cruel, cold
  tactful, and bold
like bonds that hold

Death is malice, uncaring,
  undelightful, and daring
like weapons impairing

Death is evil, mean,
  stubborn and keen
like an attack unforseen

Death is also bitter and crass
  not alive like the grass
  but most of all
Death is THE END.

by Kim Watson

Thoughts for the Day

1. Be nice to everyone you meet.
2. Friends are special, don't lose them.
3. Treat people like you would like to be treated.
4. Best friends have to be pretty special to be the <u>best</u> of all the rest.
5. Get to know the good side of a person, and they'll get to know the good side of you.
6. To answer a question, you have to know the question first.
7. Have good manners and you'll have nice teachers.

by Cindy Long

By the Campfire

The night is young
And stories are told,
As the stars shine
Just like gold.

The guitarist plays
And we sing like a choir
As we all sit around
Our campfire.

The night grows old
And we are tired
As we say good-night
To our campfire.

by Laurie Brekke

NATURE

Nature's creeping through me, animals, flowers and trees. They all are standing by me in the deep dark forest. They keep their posted eyes on me for they fear me in their land, since they'll always, always know where their human race will stand.

by Tammy Damron

PREDICTION

A source of unknown power creeping slowly to its creature, listening to every word they say to it so it will come true. Evil, friendly estimates are all so sorrowful and blue, but who is the real true owner of these predictions? Us or God?

by Tammy Damron

LOVE, FREEDOM, HAPPINESS

Love is caring, sharing, relationship with two are many.

Freedom is somewhere else, distant, far away from, independent by yourself.

Happiness is joyful, great, blooming and spring, bright colors, everything.

by Tammy Damron

MAZE

Your eyes are wandering, looking and turning in different directions. Seeing what ways are the sections. To find the opening you have to think hard, you have to estimate what you've found. Lots of clues help you but not enough, because going through a maze is very tough.

by Tammy Damron

BORN FREE

Walking down the streets your life is all alone, coldness is around you and you haven't got a home. Mommy left you Daddy did too, and now you'll have to go with two loving parents like you.

by Tammy Damron

Solved

One day I, Garfield, took a walk along Mulberry Lane when I came upon an empty lot. I heard a lot of racket and went in to investigate and there I found a little kitten on top of a garbage can, surrounded by five mean looking dogs, snarling, and growling at it.

I walked up behind the dogs and asked, "Why did you scare that little kitten half to death?"

One of the dogs turned around and said, "Because that little kitten ate all of our food, so we chased her away from our home."

After the dog said that, I sat down, and thought about the problem, and I figured out how to solve it.

I stood up and turned to the dogs and said, "All you have to do is go home and pretend to be eating your food and then go bark and start scratching at the door and your master will probably come out and give you some more food. There, now your problem is solved."

I turned back to the kitten and said, "You better say you're sorry for eating their food."

The kitten looked at the dogs and said, "I'm sorry for eating all your food, but I was so hungry, I just couldn't help it."

"That's OK," said one of the dogs, "we forgive you."

I quietly left the lot and walked home and took a nap.

by Cindy Long

"TOO YOUNG"

Two young kids in the back seat
on a soft summer night,
Some folks say that it's not right
They're almost 18,
And that's too young.
But what's done is done.
After they're married
and have a son
Folks still say that they're too young
But still what's done
can't be undone.
Then they stop to wonder
Why they did what was done.
The answer can only be one,
Love.

by Danielle Newman

Television Can Encourage Violence

Violence is often encouraged by what we see on T.V. Scientific studies say 4 out of 10 inmates did the identical crime as shown on T.V. programs, and 6 out of 10 got ideas from crime shown on T.V.

Violence viewed by little kids in such shows as Superman, or even cartoons like Bugs Bunny give kids the idea that they can have magical powers or be super tough any time they want or need.

On T.V. people can be beaten up, shot, stabbed and seem to recover with little or no problem. And on cartoons or comedies they hit each other, beat up one another, and end up with no scars, cuts, or bruises.

Kids tend to think they can do anything shown on T.V. And often hurt themselves or others badly. I think they shouldn't have to take the shows off the air, just think and consider the age of the audience and write the shows a little more carefully.

Because what kids see on T.V. today, they may end up doing or trying tomorrow.

by Kurt Fahrenkrug

COME TO ME

Come to me
From far away places
Come to me
From different faces.

The faces I see
Will come to me,
And bring to me
The faces I see.

The love I see
Will come to me,
And see me through
The hardships too.

by Chrissie Fink

Monday Morning for Marvin

"Hello. I'd like you to meet me. I'm Marvin. I'm not quite one year old (much to my dismay), in diapers, and I try to be a great pain to my mom and dad. They think I can't understand what they say, or communicate with other people, but that's where they're wrong. I understand them perfectly, and I get my points across, in my own way.

"I was asked by my friend, Angela, to describe a typical Monday morning for a baby of my magnitude.

"Let's say I get up at, oh, about 8:45 A.M. And, of course, I scream my head off, because that's how I usually solve a problem, and this morning I am very hungry, and my pants are in a very sorry state.

"So mom comes in with a bottle and a pair of Huggies to remedy this sticky (excuse the pun) situation.

"Now mom has to dress me to take me to the sitters, where I stay when she and dad are at work. She usually dresses me in really, REALLY, dorky stuff, (imagine me without a label on my bottom!!), so I throw a royal fit until I get some decent clothes. (My Nikes just have to fit!)

"Then I go see dad. He is so mushy it's down-right disgusting! All this 'How's my little Marvie - Poo stuff makes me sick!!'

"Finally mom gets me over to the sitters where I can listen to the T.V. (I'll be watching this real foxy chick that stays at the sitters, too. Maybe we can share the playpen today!!)"

-Taken from the Baby World story written by

Angela Pierce

Floating Sunsets

Soft and flowing,
Yet harsh, unknowing.
It can sweep you into
A world of dreams,
And leave you,
Wondering
Endlessly, it seems.
The white foam crashes,
Making cracks,
And smashes.
Clear blue water,
Washes seaweed on shore.
You look to the horizon,
But what should you see?
The beautiful sunset,
Floating down through palm trees.

by Lori Martens

Dreamland

Picture this : A humungous forest with oaks over 100 years old. The leaves gently fall with the other orange, red, and bright yellow ones in the crisp, nippy, clear fall breezes. The tall, green grass is lightening into patches of brown grass, and raw, cold soil.

The beautiful, bright, blooming wildflowers are wilting, and the grey petals are blowing away with the dry, left over, unwanted nectar.

You are sitting under a big oak, smelling the breeze, cool, refreshing, picking at the dry, brown, crunchy leaves on the ground. The crackle of the great oaks' branches hitting each other in a flimsy, unsteady motion alarms you. You look up to see that the branches are yet young. They will , you know, grow strong, and, perhaps, higher than the highest leaf.

You feel so safe there, you feel you could fall asleep in this bright, colorful dreamland you've discovered.

You feel in a poetic mood, and think of this little rhyme;

I have many wishes,
some wild,
some warm,
to be rich,
to have friends,
in many a swarm,
But the one I am hoping,
and wishing for,
Is to be in this fall dreamland,
Forever a more.

by Lori Martens

Torrie and Charlie and their Adventure

Torrie the Turtle and Charlie the Chow were very happy until they ran into a cow so Torrie the Turtle he was so smart he gave Charlie a kick and he flew like a dart, Torrie was running right beside Charlie, then Torrie hopped and said, "You ride like a Harly." They flew out that mouth so fast and sleek I swear that cow thought he had some kind a leak.

So Torrie the Turtle and Charlie the Chow are still roaming the earth here and now.

by Tammy Damron

All Alone

I use to be a wonderer. I always thought I was alone, but I really wasn't. I wish someday I would be alone, so I could find out what it's like being alone.

When I was 6 my mother went across the street to the neighbors. She left me alone, but not very long. I thought it was really fun. She had told me that she would be back and she was. I told her that I always thought about being home alone. She asked me, "Did you have fun?" I soon answered her. I said, "Yes, it was the best experience I have ever had.

One night I left with my father. We went to the store for some groceries. I asked for a lot of things there, but some of them I never got. We finally got back. I went inside hollering for my mother. She came in the room to see what I wanted. I showed her what dad bought me. She said "It was lovely." I said "Thanks."

A couple weeks later my father and I left again. My mother stayed home. We got home about 2 hours later. I ran through the house calling for my mother. She didn't come. So, I called for my dad. He came running. We searched everywhere in the house, except in the bathroom. We ran into the bathroom. Mom was lying on the floor with a knife in her side. I started crying. We rushed her to the hospital.

She came out of the hospital after 3 weeks. She was in perfect shape. I told her "I never want to be left alone again."

by Bambi Love

White Roses

White Roses
Are what I see
The scent coming back
Coming back to me

The beautiful petals
How delicately perched
Down in the ground
So near to the earth

The beautiful color
So white and pure
That makes you come
With that special lure

The gorgeous flower
I look at you
You're so beautiful
With some drops of dew.

by Chrissie Fink

Murderer in the Express Lane

K-mart was just closing when the guy behind the express lane counter asked me if my checking account was doing O.K. I told him off! I expected him to leave me alone, but instead he stabbed me to death. He killed me so he could steal my money. I was cut into little pieces and shoved into an underground cave. By the time they had someone call me in sick, God asked me to watch over the store. Mr. Heckle, a private investigator was too busy with other cases and besides that calling in sick was no big thing. After a month they got leery and hired Mr. Heckle. He saw blood stains on the floor and questioned everyone. Mr. Lewis dug the hole to bury his killings until he could find a better place to keep them. When he saw the fake flooring he grabbed it up and saw me all cut-up. He didn't know who the killer was yet. He thought it must have been a customer and stopped working on the case until he saw Mr. Lewis stab the customer. He saw Mr. Lewis put the body on a truck. Mr. Heckle followed him curiously, until he stopped at a dog food factory and sold the body for money. Mr. Heckle called police to come and arrest the two characters. They told the judge and the judge decided on ten years in prison apiece while I go peacefully to Heaven.

by Shannon Pamperin

Cats can cook
Hot
Roast beef sandwiches in the oven
It tastes
Sick, the cat forgets to skin the cow first
Then the cat puts it in the
In the oven, then the cow moos
Noisily
And then it cooks
Joylessly

by Tina Clasen

My Dad the Music Man and Other Stuff

My dad, Emanuel Lembert is an accomplished accordianist, he has played for several years.

He really enjoys playing his accordian. I don't think he would give it up for anything! Except jogging - he is a jogg-aholic.

My dad is also good at other stuff. He is really good at building miniature sailing ships, rocking horses, stereo tables and book cases.

My dad really enjoys the Great-out-of-doors. He loves to go fishing, jogging in the park, hiking and hunting. Sometimes I go with him on some hikes or a jog. He really likes that because he likes company.

We go on a lot of camping trips and the first thing he says is "Is ghis going to be a good trip or a bad one?" He says this because my brother and I fight on some occasions.

My dad isn't safe to turn loose. When we go on hikes and he sees a berry bush he takes off running towards it, and eats every single berry off of it, and there aren't any left for the animals, and we don't see him for a long, long, long time!

Anyway my dad is the type of guy who likes to tease.

But I love him anyway!

Sandy Lembert

My grandpa loves the country air. Every morning he goes outside and sits on his porch swing just to smell the air for hours.

And he also likes to watch things grow, especially me and his other grandchildren. Every time I would go over there he would take me out to his garden and show me how clean his rows were and how big his tomatoes were and how healthy the other plants were and sometimes he would say, "The cleaner the rows are, the tastier the food is."

Sometimes he would tell me to water everything every day, then it would grow better.

Grandpa likes old things like his house. He said his great grandpa once lived in his house. He has a car that is a 1930 and he drives it in all the parades. And best of all he has a barn that has an old covered wagon that came from his great, great grandpa.

My grandpa is very generous cause when my parents got married he let them live in his other house free until my dad got enough money to pay the rent.

But the thing I like best about him is, he's my grandpa.

Mark Keppy

He would wake up before anyone else and have everyone's breakfast ready. He knew just what we wanted.

Grandma would wake up and he'd meet her with a sweet kiss. When I'd wake up he'd give me a wink and say, "Good morning - glory" and I'd smile. Then he'd give me a strong hug.

He was in great condition for a 77 year old man, in fact he wasn't old at all. He walked around with a smile at <u>all</u> times with his head held high, very proud to be a Swede.

He would walk me into the kitchen. I'd sit at the bar-table and he'd ask, "Would you like a stick of broat (bread) ?"

He liked to tease us with his Swedish accent. I would say, "Sure, if you fix it your special way." His special way was to get the toast light brown and get butter in every corner, middle, and side. Then he'd smother it with cinnamon and sugar.

He'd get grandma's robe and she'd sit in front of the newspaper finishing up the crossword puzzle that grandpa started with his coffee.

Now he would make all of the beds and wash the dishes while he sang: "Tralldy dalldy dallee...", or some other happy tune of his. I would get a towel to help dry the dishes and he'd tap my bottom and say, "Go over and sit with your grandma, I'll finish these." I'd gladly listen.

When he was done with the dishes he'd sit down with my grandma, my cousin, and me and have one or two quick games of Yahtzee.

After that he'd go outside and get the yardwork thoroughly done in a split second.

By late afternoon my parents would come and pick me and my cousin up. Grandpa would bid us farewell with a wet kiss and a strong hug. We'd wave goodbye as we drove down the lane and grandpa would wave back with his arm around grandma. They had done this for the fifty years that they were married.

Never did I think I would see him lying helpless in a hospital bed with cancer. But he took it all in a short time and painfully, peacefully passed away in July of 1983. It was very sad to see him go, at least I got in my last kiss and, "Goodbye sweetheart." Anyone who met the cheerful man loved him. He was a wonderful grandpa and a hero to me!

Jodi Osterberg

"Goodbye," he said faintly. Although I knew he'd never heard how nice and soft the sound of his voice was. It had meaning to him, I know.

I felt his arms around me and I saw tears in his eyes, he probably saw them in mine, too. I knew I'd miss him. We'd had fun over the summer doing what we enjoyed. He'd taught me the language that he & his friends used. I even got the hang of some of the words.

Some people feel sorry for him and don't even know that he exists because he can be so quiet. Some people think he's so good with his hands because he's gifted, but it's only because he uses them every day.

I knew that when he went to college he'd be all of the way across the state, and I wouldn't be able to call him. I know I can write, but that takes too long to get answers back.

My oldest brother is deaf. He hears nothing we do.

Just then I saw him drive off into a whole new world, with different people, and I'll miss him.

Jennifer Byer

My Mother

My mother's special to me in three special ways. First, she helps me with my homework when I have Math or some other subject that I don't understand. Second, she always will try to understand me when I'm having problems with my friends or school. Thirdly, she gives me support and helps me through each day with a smile, because when I'm down, she's down, and when she's down I am too! All in all I think my mother's the greatest in the world!

Jodi Whitney

My Dad

My dad's the champion airplane builder, he's built airplanes since he was about ten and building model airplanes.

One evening I went to the basement and asked him, "Dad, what are you working on now?" He told me he was building a two-person biplane. And was right now building a post to hold up the wings. He explained it all to me and every thing he had left to do before he could put the upper wings on, it was quite a lengthy list. He also said that the first plane he built was a lot easier than this one.

The next day we had to go into clean the hallways in the apartments. We also had to mow the lawns and trim hedges. He's always busy doing something at the apartments.

After working at the apartments, Mom, Dad, and I all went out for ice cream. I really enjoy being with my dad.

Mindy Smith

My Grandpa

My grandpa is a spry old man that's going to be 80 years old this weekend. He is full of memories. He quotes of times when he was little like "When I was a kid we used to walk right across the Mississippi let alone drink all the water you wanted." He says them were the good old days. I love to sit and listen to him talk about the days when he was little.

My grandpa likes to talk about times when he went fishing and the big fish that he caught. He is always interested in the fish that we have caught. We hope to go fishing together but something always seems to stand in the way.

When we go camping at Lake Geode in Burlington where he lives now, he comes out and walks around with us. It's always fun to listen to him tell us about everything in sight.

My grandpa takes great pride in his hats he wears. It seems every time I see him he has a different hat with all types and colors of feathers.

The last time I saw him he told us about a time in 1936 when the temperature got up to 110 degrees. He was working on the Santa Fe Railroad with some Mexicans. He says that it was so hot that the rails started to expand and break so they had to start all over again.

My Grandpa is an 80 year old man, but to me he's only 20. He hardly has a gray hair in his head. I hope to be just like him when I get old.

Clayton Birtell

My Dog Peat

I live on a farm in Iowa and I raise sheep and cattle. On a farm a dog is almost a necessity, not only for a pet but for a work-dog which is nice to have. I was out building fence one day when a little dog came out of a cornfield and sat on the ground and watched me. He looked up at me with sad eyes like he wanted to go with me. I did take him home. He was to prove later to be a good farm dog as well as a friend when I would need him. He was just a mutt to other people but to me he was one of the greatest friends I would ever know. I trained him and took care of him myself. We did everything together. If I went trapping, he went trapping. If I went hunting, he went hunting. I thought he was the greatest dog I ever had.

He may have killed a couple of chickens, but I thought he would grow out of it, but he didn't, he kept on doing it. I didn't think that was so bad so I just let it slide. Sometimes we would tie him up for a little while. He would seem to know why we did it. I thought what was the use of having a dog if he had to be tied up and could not be loose and free like all dogs should be. So he was not tied for very long. I would sometimes tie him up in the morning before I would go to school and then I would untie him when I got home from school. That would be the extent of it.

One day when I got home from school my dad took me out to the barn to show me something. By the look on his face, it was not good. When we got there I saw something I did not want to see. A baby lamb half dead and in shock. My dad said that once a dog has gotten the taste of blood in his mouth he is usually ruined for life. He said we would have to get rid of the dog and the lamb. I asked him if he would do it. He said no, he said I should have to do it. I thought he was trying to be mean, but he said he was not trying to be mean.

I took the dog, my gun, and one shell. I wished I had never seen that gun before but I had and now I would have to use it on my best friend in the world. It is something I will not soon forget.

It took me awhile but I finally got up the nerve. I took him out to the timber and tied him up to a tree. I walked over to another tree and leaned against it. I picked the gun up and held it to my shoulder, aiming it at the dog. As I cocked the gun, I looked through the sights and into his eyes. It was then that I noticed how he was looking at me. It was the same as when I found him in the field. His eyes were so sad and innocent that I almost couldn't do it, but I knew I had it to do. I looked down the sights, I pulled the trigger and closed my eyes at the same time. I didn't look but that still didn't cut out the sound of him rolling there on the ground in pain howling and groaning. At that instant visions of him and I ran through my mind. After I thought about it I couldn't really believe I had done it. I had killed the best friend I had!

by Eric Long

LOST,
IN A WORLD TOO BIG FOR ME TO HANDLE.
-Someone told me that
and made me cry,
for I knew it was true

Trying to find a key,
to open up a door to let me out
But,
I haven't even found a DOOR
-could it be I'm not looking HARD
enough

Love,
I was told, works in many strange ways
sometimes we have to look
past our hate,
to find the love we're seeking

Sometimes we have to betray
others in order to
show them how
much we love them

I found a key!
It doesn't fit
But at least it's
something.

by Tania Jackson

REMEMBER

Remember the times
I've spent with you,

Remember the things
We've shared.

I can't go on living
Without you I know,

I like you too much
To let you go.

by Jeni Byer

LOST LOVE

Gone to the sun
Far in the east
The love that has lost
Lost to the least

The least of the loss
Was him in mind
The most of the loss
In this heart of mine

My mind and my heart
Has gone to the sun
Has flown with the wind
And now is gone

by Chrissie Fink

PLEASE BE MINE

I love the one
With the dark hair,
The one who has
A face so fair.

A guy who likes me
For what I am,
And not a guy
Who's just a man.

I've loved you for
So many years
I've even loved you
Through all the tears.

I think you want me
And in time,
I think you will say
Please be mine.

by Chrissie Fink

MUSIC

Some music is hard
that you can't play loud in the yard
Some music is soft
that can be played in a loft
Some have a beat
that you can move good with your feet
Some have style
that you can play a long while
Some are stupid
Nobody likes it but Cupid
Everyone has different stations
that give you a frustration
But the latest
is the greatest

by Amber Hartz

I THINK

I think little boys
Have way too many toys.
If we stuck with little girls,
We would have to buy them pearls.
So that's why we should give up
And buy ourselves a pup.

by Nikki Baker

THE SEA

The white caps floating
like small ships
The rocky coast so quiet
at low tide
The roaring waves
threaten all life.
The sea is like a
monster swallowing land
left and right
Then when tired
retreats
until another time.

by April Wallace

ANOTHER WORLD

Somewhere around us is the
good of the world
Where. . .I don't know
But I know it must contain
a kind of world we want to
live in today
With no war. . .just peace
No crime. . .just justice
With no hate. . .just love
What a world that would be
but, alas,
We'll never have it
It's just too much to ask for

by Shellie Littrel

CLOCK TALK

My hands never stop working
24 hours a day my hands whirl round
and round just to help others. Whew!
The electricity went off.
I can rest for a while!
Not again! It's back on!
AROUND these silly numbers I go
Nothing to tell me to stop!
Oh, how I wish I were digital.

by Shellie Littrel

SMILE

You have to put a smile on your face,
when you are competing in the human race,
In order to Win, you must keep a big grin.
So when you come to the End
Remember your best friend
So keep your smile for a very long while.

by Kelly McFate

SOUNDS

Sounds are most interesting you see
Because you can think up new things

Like when you hear the ring of wheels
In a shopping store
You can make beleive you are on the shore
Hearing the cry of gulls looking for meals
The silent shrieks of
dying seals
Are the children's unhappy cries
The sound of shuffling feet
are the ocean's
waves so angry and yet so ge tle
Sounds make up the world
wherever you go
No matter where
you go

by April Wallace

THE RAINBOW

Stretching across the sky
The bright colors
woven into beautiful
designs
Happy children "oh" and "ah"
At the magnificent stretch
of colors
That paint the earth
in happy moods.

by April Wallace

THE UNICORN

A unicorn is mythical,
including smart and clever.
They never have to work,
but play,
in any kind of weather.

A unicorn can be ivory,
including black and cream.
They never worry about hunting,
but only have to dream.

The unicorn has never been freed,
including bought or taught.
They never worry about being
sold,
because they've never been caught.

But if one day you really wish,
including hope and pray.
Maybe someday you'll catch
one,
in a very special way.

by Ann Rhinehart

AUTUMN

Leaves rustle
Birds flying south
Everyone catching a last
breath of summer
Getting ready for Winter,
and waiting for Spring
Autumn is a lovely time
of year.

by Cindy Long

AUTHOR INDEX

Author	Page(s)
Baker, Nikki	34
Birtell, Clayton	30
Brekke, Lorrie	12, 19
Byer, Jeni	11, 29, 32
Clasen, Tina	27
Damron, Tammy	10, 20, 32
Fahrenkrug, Kurt	22
Fink, Chrissie	5, 22, 26, 33
Goetzke, Becky	4
Hartz, Amber	34
Jackson, Tania	3, 32
Keppy, Mark	28
Lambert, Sandy	28
Littrel, Shellie	13, 35
Long, Cindy	18, 19, 21, 37
Long, Eric	31
Loussaert, Lisa	7
Love, Bambi	14, 16, 26
Martens, Lori	24, 25
McFate, Kelly	35
Newton, Ann	17
Osterberg, Jodi	29
Pamperin, Shannon	27
Peterson, Jesse	15
Pierce, Angela	24
Rhinehart, Ann	37
Smith, Lori	9, 17
Smith, Mindy	30
Swank, Lori	3
Thompson, Jennifer	12
Tobias, Kelly	6
Wallace, April	34, 36
Watson, Kimberly	14, 16, 18
Whitney, Jodi	30
Zogg, Melissa	8